



# Alter



multiple personalities

mentalillness

 32  0  2

## Chapter 1 by Jessica A Smith

Connie

God-this room is a mess. This room is a mess and I know exactly who to blame. I don't know what to do anymore. I lock the door, I leave notes for Lil, I clean and I clean and I clean. But it's no use. It's like an endless cycle of cleaning and frustration and I feel like I'm just about done with all of it.

If only I could actually talk to her maybe we could get this sorted out But, then again, she's not exactly the kind of person I'd imagine would be pleasant to speak to, let alone see reason and clean her mess.

I take out the broom and dustpan and begin what has become my daily routine. I sweep up the shards of broken knick knacks. I don't even care what they are anymore. They belong, well belonged, to Lil. Now they belong to the garbage. I make the beds, both unkempt, and try to suppress the eerie tingle in my spine as I imagine her thrashing about in my bed. I wine what

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is normal. I am normal. I decide I will pin my hair up in a bun like a normal girl and put on some natural make-up and go grocery shopping and do whatever it takes to feel normal.

*Lillith*

Where was I going? Seriously- I can't even remember. I was just driving along and now I'm pulled over on the side of the road like a freak. Ugh- and the worst thing is that it's not even the first time. I turn on the engine but then look down and see the gear shift. It's a freaking stick. Of course. Of course Connie took the sedan because she knows I can't drive a stick. Well a lot of good that did both of us. I get out and try to spot a taxi. I take my wallet out of my (hideous beige) bag and find it full of cash. Where ever Connie was going, she was ready to spend big money. Well I can spend money too but I guarantee it won't be in the same way. HA! I laugh to myself and hail a taxi.

"Where to?" the driver asks.

I yank my hair down from it's awful bun, "east district."

*Connie*

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